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They rest their spears but Eldra's arm,  
 Could ill its weight sustain,  
 And with the first light blow he cut,  
 Her helmet-brace in twain.  
 Down dropp'd the casque, her yellow hair,  
 In many a curling fold,  
 Around her graceful shoulders fell,  
 Like strings of waving gold.  
 But ah! the ruthless sword had pierc'd  
 The helmet clasps between,  
 And trickling from her snowy neck,  
 A crimson stream was seen.  
 Ill fall thee! shriek'd the frantic Page,  
 That caus'd her blood to flow,  
 That paid with cruelty and death,  
 A heart that loved thee so.  
 Wild horror rent Lord Derwent's breast,  
 He vaulted from his horse  
 Snatch'd to his heart her dying form,  
 And bore her from the course.  
 Press'd in his arms, life's ebbing tide,  
 Flush'd her pale cheek again,  
 As through some tissue's changing dye,  
 Soft crimson shades are seen.  
 But as the rosy tint of eve,  
 Faints with night's dark'ning hue,  
 Thus fleeting at the approach of death,  
 The varying colour flew.  
 To say a last, a fond adieu,  
 With quivering lips she tried,  
 But life's last fluttering throb was o'er,  
 She sigh'd—look'd up—and died.  
 Here drop the pen—here cease the tale—  
 Words cannot tell the rest,  
 A lover's, parent's, griefs are felt  
 By tears and silence best.

#### AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. DAVID MOORE,  
 OF LARNE,

A young man, of whose character, it is  
 not enough to say that it was unblem-  
 ished, it was *actively* good; and whose  
 death is not only afflicting to his  
 friends, but a real loss to society.

**HARK!** from the hallow'd banks of In-  
 ver's stream,  
 With deep and sullen sound, yon mournful  
 knell,  
 Proclaims how, waked from life's unstable  
 dream,  
 Lamented MOORE has badethe world fare-  
 well!

Ah! youth beloved! to thee the verse  
 is due,  
 If goodness e'er could prompt the Poet's  
 tongue,  
 Goodness like thine, alas! unknown to  
 few,

Too rare a subject for the votive song.  
 Remote from wild ambition's guilty  
 way,  
 In virtue's vale thy nobler course was  
 held;  
 No sordid wish e'er taught thy steps to  
 stray,  
 Nor vicious passions in thy breast rebell'd.  
 No tale of sorrow ever met thine ear,  
 But touch'd thy sympathizing heart with  
 grief;  
 No object of distress was ever near,  
 But from thy ready hand obtained relief.  
 Oft as the patriot feelings in thy mind  
 Griev'd for the woes that bade thy country  
 groan,  
 Thy milk of kindness streamed for all  
 mankind,  
 And made the sorrows of the race thy  
 own.

Thine was no formal cold benevolence,  
 Which but in vain professions makes a  
 show;  
 Ah! no; it sought a nobler recompense  
 Than human approbation can bestow.

But ne'er averse the social joys to  
 share,  
 When innocence would with these joys  
 unite;  
 Good-nature still thy presence would en-  
 dear,  
 And from thy converse ever flow'd delight.  
 Then is it strange to hear the swains  
 relate,  
 With heavy hearts, those virtues now no  
 more;  
 Ah! no; indulge them—let them mourn  
 the fate,  
 That from their view so soon those virtues  
 tore.

To yonder sacred walls behold they go;  
 His dear remains reluctant on are mov'd;  
 Each down-cast eye betrays a heart of  
 woe;

How sad such duty to a youth beloved;  
 To see his father, venerably mild,  
 While in his breast the struggling anguish  
 spreads;  
 To mark his mother mourn her darling  
 child,  
 To view the lovely tears his sister sheds;  
 And, ah! the orphans whom he sav'd,  
 to view  
 Their much-lov'd benefactor's bier at-  
 tend,  
 Say, can our hearts the rising grief sub-  
 due,  
 Nor mourn the saint, the patriot, and  
 the friend!

But, lo, in yonder glorious realms he  
 reigns,

Thron'd with the monarchs of the blest  
 abode!  
 Such the reward a life like his obtains,  
 The praise of angels, and the smiles of God!  
*Larne, Oct. 1809. M'ERIN.*

A MICHAELMAS RIDDLE.

"*Da nuces pueris.*".....OVID.  
 DIC mihi nomen animalis,  
 Plumatique, et bipedalis;

Quod, ultimum iter, urbem latum,  
 Michaelis festo perdit fatum.  
 Cujus pennæ alent multos,  
 Juvant doctis, terrent stultos;  
 Plumæ formant id quod Hymen,  
 Dat devotis; et lenimen  
 Defessis duro est labore,  
 Ægritudine, dolore;  
 In quo vitam subibamus,  
 Et ærumpas terminamus.

NEMORENSIS.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Langsdorff to Dr. Noehden, dated from Port St. Peter and Paul, in Kamtschatka, the 6th of June, 1805.*

WE left Kamtschatka in the month of September, 1804, and sailed for Japan; a country that has scarcely been visited in a scientific view, except by Kämpfer and Thunberg. All who have any opportunity of going thither will find, that the former did more with regard to the history and description of the country than would seem possible; and the latter has published such a flora of it, as no one can expect to equal.

On proceeding to Japan we had planned many fine schemes and formed the most flattering expectations. But on our arrival at Nangasacki, while we were treated in the most honourable manner, we were prisoners in the lodgings assigned us; and were guarded with the utmost strictness, being deprived of all communication with the inhabitants, except a few Dutch interpreters; and at length when the Emperor's answer arrived from Yeddo, we were loaded with presents and very politely dismissed.

Thus we could hardly think of making excursions in quest of subjects of natural history. Besides we were at Japan only during the winter months, from October 1804, till April 1805. We were furnished gratis with provision, and every thing that could be necessary to supply our wants; but we were not allowed to purchase the smallest trifle. Fortu-

nately, ichthyology, one of my favourite branches of natural history, is closely allied with the demands of the kitchen. Accordingly I took care to desire the man, who daily brought provision to our state prison, to supply us with as many different kinds of fish as the season and the markets could furnish. In this way I was enabled to procure, during the last three months, about four hundred of the rarest fish in the Indies, and among them were about an hundred and fifty different species. I transmit to Mr. Blumenbach, for the present, a short account of such as are already known; and I hope another time to send him one of the new species.

Our return from Japan to Kamtschatka was no doubt one of the most interesting voyages that can now be made. We ran down and examined the north-west coast of Japan, which was hitherto unknown. We determined with precision the position of the strait of Sangoar. We reconnoitred all the west coast of Matzumai. The north part of this island, though under the government of the Japanese, is not inhabited by them, but by another people, known in Europe by the name of long-haired *Curibes*,\* who call themselves *Aecnocs*. The part of Matzumai inhabited by them is called Yeso, whence the islands of Yeso and Matzumai are frequently confounded with each other. The Peak of Lamanen

\* See Blumenbach de Generis Humani varietate nativa, ed. 3. p. 29.